

Leave Her Here

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Summary: The Captain left more than an old life behind. He left a daughter behind that he has long forgotten about. And soon, he will pay the consequences of forgetting. And his little Rose will come, and she will make sure he never leaves anyone again. Because you can't leave someone if you're dead.

1. Prologue

****Prologue****

"This looks like a good enough place," he gestured to the rolling hills along the beach and the town that they would soon be venturing into.

"Better than with us," she shrugged looking down at the bundle. "You sure she won't remember anything?" she asked a bit skeptical.

"She's not old enough. Come on, let's go to land drop her off at the orfanij thing," he told her walking off the ship and onto the dock.

"Orphanage, Hook," the women laughed following him off the boat.

They walked for a while, purposefully bumping into each other, and trying to ignore the squirming little thing in the women's arms. The town was finally surrounding them as they made their way down the street. The man finally got tired of looking for the orfanij thing and turned to his girl, pointing to a nearby home,

"We'll just leave her here," he suggested, raising his signature eyebrow.

As it was quite cold and she wanted to be rid of the thing, the women nodded and set the child down on the step, non-too gently. The man grabbed her around the waist and pulled her to him,

"Now, are you ready Lady Milah?" he asked a devilish smile upon his face.

"Only if you are, Captain Hook," she growled playfully, her hands on his chest.

The two of them walked back to the boat and set sail, if the villagers were watching closely, they could see the ship almost become invisible as it went into the mist. But of course that didn't actually happen; that would take magic. And everyone knows magic doesn't exist.

2. Escape to Fate

Chapter One

"I hate this place!" Rose screamed at the top of her lungs. Her eyes were burning holes through the room and especially through Ms. Karen.

"Well if you hate it so much then maybe you could try being nicer so that someone will be tricked into liking you and adopting you!" Ms. Karen snapped, her pristine dress twisting as she leaning forward. But of course, Ms. Karen couldn't have anything out of place so she quickly fixed the dress before returning her attention to her.

"Of yes, because you would know something about being nice!" she bit back, clenching her bleeding fist.

Ms. Karen stood up and walked around her freshly dusted desk, "I am being nice. Or at least I was. But now, since you insist that I know nothing about being nice, I guess I will have to be a bit cruel," she said, reaching out and grabbing Rose's bleeding fist with an unrelenting grip and twisting.

Rose grimaced but refused to make any sound or let her eyes water. "Do your worst. You always enjoyed torturing the innocent," she spat, her jaw set.

"You dear, are many things, but innocent is not one of them," Ms. Karen hissed as she dragged Rose out of the office by her long jet black hair. They went around the small orphanage to the entrance of the cellar. "Another day and night in here and another day with no food, if you keep this act up you'll starve to death soon, so in that case, I support your rebel streak," the woman said, one hand gripped around her hair and the other busy opening the doors down to the cellar.

Rose raised her chin, and while the older woman was opening the second door, kicked Ms. Karen's back as hard as she could. Which not to brag, but Rose had broken some other kids bones with a sharp kick to the jaw.

Ms. Karen went tumbling into the cellar, finally letting go of Rose's hair, and once Rose was free, she was gone; around the shack and going down the street in a matter of seconds. The stupid dress she was forced to wear slowed her down, but her knowledge of the town roads and backways kept her going. Many nights she had escaped, but

she had always been drug back to this pit of a town. The longest she had been gone was three months. But a pirate had sold her back into town after she had paid him for passage on his ship. Rose had never gotten his name either; the only thing that she could remember was that he had a hook for a hand. Ever since, she had watched the docks, waiting to take revenge and the man. She knew where to get a crossbow and that she could kill him from 100 feet away.

But right now, Rose was concentrating on escaping into the town over. She would stay there for the night until she planned where she would go next. So she ran the whole way there, never stopping even through the thick forest. Ms. Karen had "people" as she called them that hunted down run away orphans. But all the orphans knew that they were slaves that Ms. Karen had bought off of the ship that came through twice a year. Ms. Karen was a wealthy lady and was happy to spend her money torturing the orphans of "Ms. Karen's Home for the Blessed." Everyone inside "Ms. Karen's Home for the Blessed" felt more cursed than blessed, and didn't have a problem telling anyone and everyone that. Though no one listened. Who would listen to some half-starved orphan who was dressed in rags?

But they didn't wear rags all the time. On days that families came to look for a child, Ms. Karen strung all the girls into corsets to make us look like we were just all skinny and not scrawny. The boys got nice shirts, and nice coats to cover up the dirt that was forever on their arms.

Rose kept running until she was halfway to the town and in the woods. She stopped to catch her breath and to see if she was being followed. After she made sure no one was following her, she quickly took off her skirt for the much more comfortable pants underneath. She continued on her way much more comfortable now that she was rid of the skirt and walking instead of running for the time being so that she could recover. It was an hour or so away from sunset by the time she got out of the woods. From there it was a short ways to the town. If only she had magic, then she could get there faster. Or for that matter, transport her even farther away into a different town. And so, as she walked to the town she thought of magic, and how she needed it, dark or light, good or evil, she needed magic.

When Rose got to the town it was dark, but that wasn't the thing that concerned her. There was an eerie music coming from the other side of the town, and as she went towards it, she saw boys crawling out of their windows and following the music as well. In particular she saw a boy with thick curly black hair walk brush past her, a confused yet happy look on his face. This music was strange, yet when she heard it, she felt drawn in, as if it was calling to her. So she kept walking towards the music, its pull growing ever strong until she was nearly running to the sound.

Finally, she and the other boys reached a small clearing in a patch of trees just outside the town. Suspicious at first, she stayed in the back, so not to be seen. A teenage boy who was playing the mysterious music on a set of pipes threw back his hood and looked up at us.

"Well, welcome to the party. Go ahead, try on the clothes, and dance around the fire if you want. I'm only here to play the music. It's all of you who get to have the fun!" the boy smirked, his eyes devious yet convincing. If Rose wasn't already suspicious, she would

have done exactly as he said. All the boys in front of her, including the one with thick curly hair, went over and put on animal costumes and started moving and spinning around the fire, calling out when they did flips or tricks. The teenage boy kept playing the pipes, and all the other boys kept dancing around the fire. It seemed so nice, like they were all finally free. Rose went over to the animal masks and picked up the only one left, a wolf mask. She put it on and came out of the shadows where she had been hiding and started dancing around, her long black hair tucked into her cloak. To anyone that was watching her; she looked like another one of the delinquents dancing around the whispering fire. She spun around again to find her face to face with the piper.

"Enjoying yourself Rose?"

End
file.